KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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The Cost of Crime

Americans are being fleeced by the criminal element at the rate of \$56 million daily - a sum equivalent to 35 cents each day or \$128 a year from every man, woman, and child in the United States. This is the message being carried to Torrance residents by the Torrance Exchange Club, The National Exchange Club, and Exchange Clubs ughout the United States and Puerto Rico during National Crime Prevention Week, Feb. 11-17.

"Crime Does Not Pay — But You Do!" is the slogan for this 15th annual observance. It is particularly appropriate since it strikes apathetic citizens where it hurts the most — in the pocketbook.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover says in his annual statement supporting the campaign, "the average American citizen refuses to consider seriously the rising tide of crime unless or until it directly involves him." How can we be more directly involved than by digging into our pockets to pay this enormous crime bill? The FBI director points out that for every \$1 spent on education, \$1.11 goes to crime; and for every \$1 contributed to religious organizations, crime costs our people \$9.

"Moreover,," Mr. Hoover says, "the cost of crime to the American public cannot be measured in monetary losses alone. The tragic waste of young lives lost to crime is a sad commentary on American society, and each year reflects an increase in the number of youths who are turning to

The purpose of National Crime Prevention Week is to alert citizens to the growing crime problem and its huge cost in terms of money and suffering. It is a seven-day concentrated effort on the part of Exchange Clubs to stimulate the inert public to all-year vigilance and action.

We strongly urge every good citizen to accept personal responsibility for the mounting crime rate. Take a look a your own home, neighbors, relatives, and friends. Is there someone near you who is traveling or approaching the perilous path of crime? Often the advice of someone close has more effect than all the penal institutions in the

Then lend your support to the hundreds of organizations dedicated to assisting our youth, educational systems, family relations, law enforcement, court procedures, and similar endeavors. These groups are in constant need of willing volunteers.

Remember it is you who pays a share of the \$56 million crime bill. Begin your personal campaign against crime now during National Crime Prevention Week.

Morning Report:

The generals and admirals who are answering questions about censorship of their speeches are on the spot. Any top military man must believe he is right at all times,

The one who starts doubting himself will wind up as a college professor or an editorial writer. So clearly, he is against censorship.

But if general can say anything they want to, what about their colonels? Obviously, no colonel can make a speech attacking the policy of his general. And where will it all end? "Sergeant," says Private Jones, "I'd like time off to tell the local Rotary Club a few things about how this

Abe Mellinkoff

Asteroid Warfare Called Ultimate of the Ultimate but this one is so far out you of minor planets mostly orbitcan use it at cocktail parties, ing between Mars and Jup-where space and science know iter, say 250 million miles iter, say 250 million miles

You worrying about Comrade Khrushchev's 100-megatonner? Forget it, because Mr. D. M. Cole of General

Electric has a gasser for you, come 10 years.

ROYCE BRIER

This would be an asteroid bomb, in which an asteroid is nudged from orbit to smack the earth at a given target, and end all. Like, you put it down in Kentucky (as in pool, you call the corner pocket), and the eastern United States is annihilated. Or in the Atlantic, the tidal ave would wipe out the sea-oard cities of America and

All you need for this is an unsocial personality, good in-struments and a rocket with are capricious, some inside Mars, one about 17 miles in diameter regularly approaching the earth at 14 million miles. About 2,000 asteroids are known.

The biggest is Ceres, 480 miles in diameter, several are of the order, 200 miles, about 200 exceed 60 miles. Only the few biggest are believed spherical.

Those were once thought to be fragments of an ex-ploded planet, as their dis-tance follows Bode's Law tance follows Bode's Law (1772) of planetary arrangement. The idea was dropped because the total mass of known asteroids is only 1/50th that of the earth. The exploded planet theory has lately been revived in modi-

Anyway, the 17-miler might well do what Mr. Cole thinks it would. A meterorite with but a fraction of its mass landed in South Africa in geologic time and crater evidence suggests its impact energy was 1.5 million mega-This is 15,000 times

Comrade Khrushchev's job.
This kind of warfare would seem to be crippling. It has the advantage of no fallout, so you wouldn't need a shel-ter.

One difficulty is a smaller One difficulty is a smaller asteroid would not be ultimate. Somebody would survive. So why be chicken, why not plan to nudge Ceres earthward? It must weigh trillions if not quadrillions of tons, and as the earth only weighs 6 sextillion tons, it might be deflected from orbit. This would be unpleasant, but it wouldn't be a half. ant, but it wouldn't be a half-measure. Herr Hitler in his last days would have doted

money than any single occu-

Same Scriptwriters Take

Airlines Down the Track

REG-MANNING ?

One of the peculiar and

and perhaps preposterous

aspects of the constant and

remorseless downgrading of

every agency of public trans-

portation available in the United States today is that

the conduct and destinies of the air lines, every one of which has come into being

late enough in the game to

profit by the unhappy example of predecessor agencies of transport, are follow-

ing the downward pattern of the railroads with a fidelity that is almost pathological.

that is almost pathological.

It doesn't take an octogenarian to recall a time when
the railroads, then in the
hands of competent management and often enough endowed with great skill and
competitive ambition, gave
the traveling public a very
fair shake. They wanted passenger business in the now

senger business in the now archaic belief that a passen-ger's dollar was quite as valid currency as a dollar from a shipper of crude oil or beefsteaks.

The first and perhaps fatal

attack on successful railroad-ing came from the unions which sensing a highly spe-cialized field of exploitation where interruptions of serv-ice and affront to the custo-mers could be specially dam-

mers could be specially dam-aging, secured such working conditions, with the assistance

of accessory legislation, that railroad workers for a time did less work for more

THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Another Move to Washington

nlala

图 图 HOUSE

The record of railroad eatherbedding has been too thoroughly aired by now to bear rehearsal, but union avarice and union cupidity to assure maximum employ to assure maximum employ-ment for maximum shiftless-ness, soon had a major indus-try rocking on its heels. Now the unions are bleating about the scarcity of jobs they themselves were solely in-strumental in destroying.

Faced with constantly de-teriorating operating ratios, the carriers then arrived at the conclusion, this time "sui generis" and in no way attributable to any outside agency, of cutting corners in their passenger service at a time when, in the face of rising competition, predefere ing competition, prudence would have suggested wild-ly extravagant improvements and accentuated inducements to passenger patronage.

Faced with the incontest-able fact of life that dining cars didn't make money, the started wringing their hands, serving short orders on paper plates and in general affronting their friends where they were most available to af-front, in their stomachs.

There was a time when railroads prided themselves on the losses sustained by their diners. In the years of its glory when The Twentieth Century Limited netted as much as \$3 million a year for the New York Central, dining car stayages were told to the New York Central, dining car stewards were told to watch their step if the audit showed they were taking in more than 50 cents on every dollar it cost to operate their restaurant. The management hoped to lose at least 60 cents and counted it the best spent money it could imagine.

All this hand-wringing over All this hand-wringing over dining car losses in recent years is purely and simply fraudulent and part of the phony system of accounting that can be invoked by any railroad auditor at the command from his boss to allocate losses where the man-agement wants to show them Its precise parallel would be if Macy's started complain-ing that the operation of its elevators showed no net or that there was no profit com-ing in from the lady's rest

To the intelligent comprehension, the news that it was losing to the air carriers losing to the air carriers might have suggested that railroads quadruple their ad-vertising, restore the dollar dinner with terrapin and porterhouse and start serving

free highballs in the club car.
The cost accountants fixed that, however. Services instead of being vastly upgraded to meet the competition were reduced, prices skyrocketed and the passengers,

often with the hearty bless ings of the management, took their business elsewhere.

Well, now, and hilariously enough, the air lines are going the same way. It is no classi-fied secret that many of the biggest operators of the pes-tilential jets are operating in the red; you can read their lamentations and excuses, along with their allocation of blame elsewhere for this de-plorable situation, in any

morning paper.

The American-owned companies are riddled with unions demanding astronomical compensation for services many of which are performed by mechanical devices and, by mechanical devices and, confronted with other rising costs, they have come to the same ineffable wisdom as the railroads: Cut down on the service, alienate the passengers and see how quickly we can achieve complete bank-runtsy and so on government. ruptcy and go on government relief.

This solution is heavensent for everybody except
the taxpayers, who are asked
to endow and underwrite a
vast multiplicity of duplicating and competing planes
running from nowhere to nowhere, and the traveler who
would like to get somewhere

where, and the traveler who would like to get somewhere and be permited to eat on the way.

On the sea lanes the alternative is an attractive one; the traveler can cross the Atlantic in superb comfort, with complete assurance of arriving at his announced destination in one piece, and be fed three meals a day of a jillion calories each. For the same price a jet will carry him the same distance in a flying cement mixer and deflying cement mixer and de-liver his luggage in Buenos Aires.

Overland, he has no such attractive alternative and may be expected in a few years to adopt the philosophy of Oliver Wendell Holmes' Boston young lady who, asked why she didn't travel, said "Why should I travel when I'm already there?'

Quote

"Today the magnitude of our space program also taxes imagination." — Fred W. Grown, Edgewater (N.J.) Bergen Citizen

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"Science shouldn't take too much credit for conquer-ing space. It's nothing."— Kenny Bennett, Greencastle (Ind.) Putnam County Graph-

"There are two well known finishes for automobiles — lacquer and liquor." — Max Miller, Bellows Falls (Vt.)

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

It's Not a Terrible Era As Pessimists Proclaim

terrible world. It is not a terrible era . . . any more than it was a terrible era for Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha or Moses . . or for Washington, Lincoln, Wilson, or F.D.R. Each era thinks itself to be the worst. No one in all history has ever called his era anything but terrible.

A generation or two separated from any era gives the impression that the old days were better. But were they? Like cranking a model "I" in contrast with the power-starting and power steering of the modern car.

The many "thinker."—so-called evangelists, sociologicalled evangelists, sociological and power steering of the modern car.

called evangelists, sociologists and other experts—are barraging us constantly with negative reports that we and our youngsters are going to pot . . . and with us the whole social structure.

In the parlor, potpourris real or imaginary wrongs are hung on the line and all the bleach of truth in the world could not convince the pessi-mist that color is a good white. They think bad, talk bad, interpret almost everything in a bad light.

Even some ministers har-rangue us on Sunday morn-ing that doom and disaster are just around the corner... that sin is engulfing all of us that we are raising a new ... that we are raising a new young generation of morons. ☆ ☆ ☆

It is a terrible world if your mind is terrified. It's a dark world if you have dark-ness around you. If tragedy has struck you . . . you have good reason to feel bad and it's human to feel bad for a long time

It's not easy to throw off pain of the heart or the flesh During such times faith is the only thing left. Faith in God's world, faith in the coming sun after the clouds . . . faith that health must be interrupted with a sickness to be truly appreciated.

Faith that the wound will heal most of the time. Faith that even strangers will lend a helping hand if they knew your need. Faith that to have a friend you must first prove to be one.

Faith is not just believing in

a specific God, or a specific creed . . . but in believing in your capacity to overcome the overcomeable . . even to believe in miracles.

If you always need proof to believe in something . . . you are not a believer. You are a chronic skeptic. You may save a dollar or two by ques-

tioning and suspecting . . . or even spare a heartache . . . but you do it at a big price. The fact that you be-lieve . . and it makes you happy to believe . . . is a blessing, even though you may reduce your insulation from the clutches of the

Believe . . . just believing . . packs power. Believing n hope over hopelessness in the power of good over the badness of most humans . . in the inevitable triumph of right over wrong is the the of right over wrong is the best guarantee for a solid

If you feel that men are all If you feel that men are all wolves and all women take advantage of it . . . you are yourself drifting in that direction — if not in practice, at least in thought.

If you feel that once a crook always a crook . . . that one mistake will inevitably bring another . . . that tragedy follows tragedy . . . that

edy follows tragedy an occasional mistake stygmathings can only be black and white . . . then you have doomed your life to pessimistrust and inward agony.

Isn't it better to think that the man who is not a crook will not become one . . . that the moral man or woman will stay moral . . . that good for-tune will follow a tragedy that black may not only turn gray, but it has been known to be consumed by

Whatever form you take Whatever form you take.
. act as though you realized your own limitations
before the power of your
Creator. Act as though you
knew for sure that you are
a very small pebble on the
beach...and the beach will

be here long after you're washed away for the new pebbles which will drift after

thing they do with their lips

Some men vulgarize every-

they serve a purpose.

They make us appreciate the gentlemen . . . and also remind us that even the vulgarian has been known to become a good man.

Hoppe in Wonderland-

Mr. Kennedy and The Good Example

-Art Hoppe

Our cows gave too much milk last year. About five billion quarts too much. So, naturally, our Government had to buy all this surplus milk. And it's just sitting there, curdling everybody's soul.

But Mr. Kennedy attacked the problem forthrightly and courageously. He drank a glass of milk.

He got up in front of all these dairymen and press photographers and drank it right down to the botter. And he said, my, that tastes good. And milk builds stated bodies eight ways. And it was the patriotic duty of every American to follow his good example and drink milk.

It's an historic new Farm Program Mr. Kennedy's got there. He's the first President to attack farm surpluses personally. I mean personally - gastronomically. And the way I figure, he's got only 4,999,999,999 and 34 quarts to go.

Farm programs, as you know, are an awful problem. We're currently paying our farmers \$2 million a day not to grow things. But they do anyway. And now we've got \$8 billion worth of stuff in the pantry. Which costs us \$1 million a day just to store. All because farmers are just naturally productive.

Of course, like everybody else, I've got a Farm Program. I figure we ought to pay farmers not to grow more farmers. Because the real cause of the farm surplus is the surplus of farmers. In fact, maybe we ought to plow some under.

But my Farm Program's never caught on. I think it's because both political parties have been wooing the Farm Vote for years. And they don't wish to decrease it.

So I guess Mr. Kennedy's new Farm Program is more realistic. Politically speaking. But I can foresee problems. Not with corn or wheat. We've got \$5.4 billion worth of corn and wheat nobody wants. So Mr. Kennedy will go break bread with the Wheat Growers Assn. And h

say, my, that tastes good. And every patriotic American should follow his Good Example and break more bread. But what about soybean oil? The Nation is in imminent peril of drowning in surplus soybean oil. So

there's Mr. Kennedy standing up before the Soybean Society, hoisting a glass of soybean oil. And he says, my, that tastes - er - interesting. And every patriotic

Well, maybe he can lick soybean oil. But can he stomach surplus lard? If not, I wouldn't care to be in the shoes of the Lard Producers Convention.

I think the trouble lies in Mr. Kennedy's zeal at going around setting Good Examples for us patriotic Americans. It gets confusing. Like the last Good Example he set us was daily pushups to get rid of our surplus lard. And now he wants us to follow his Good Example and put it all back on. Simultaneously.

Personally, I got so confused I gave up both eating and exercising. But I'm doing my part by lying around consuming surplus rye. Which is a Good Example.

And the more rye I consume, the more I think Mr. Kennedy's going to come a cropper. His new method of attacking surpluses through personal consumption may, conceivably, get him through the corn, wheat, scybeans,

But he still has to face 5.4 million bales of cotton. So he'll just have to resign from the White House in favor of a boll weevil. Well, at least you never see a boll weevil doing pushups.

By FRED NEHER



that makes thirty-or years, two months and eight days!